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THE CRAYON.

NEW YORK, APRIL 25, 1855.

Sketchings.

NOTHING IF NOT CRITICAL.

THE GAMMON OF CRITICISM.—We have noticed with interest, but we regret to say with much disappointment, the course of *THE CRAYON*, a weekly journal recently established here, and devoted to the Fine Arts. On its selections and original articles, we have nothing to say; but it is important that an organ conducted and patronized by artists should at least speak out boldly on occasions that manifestly concern them. The greater therefore our surprise, to find that *THE CRAYON* has touched so gingerly the National Academy of Design. Excepting that, week by week, in paragraph, sentence, illustration, or allusion, it has contrived to bedaub one particular artist with praise (we have too much respect for him to name him, and really pity him for being made the subject of such toadying) there has scarcely yet been a plain-spoken line, respecting the pictures that hang upon the walls. Generalizing discussions upon the characteristics of the artists have been substituted for what one had a right to expect; and the readers of *THE CRAYON* could not learn from its columns the merits or demerits (with a few exceptions) of the works exhibited. In the number for the current week there are however some signs of a change. The Editors have got hold of a stray English landscape; and the way they pitch into the painter of it is, as their countrymen say, "a caution." We give place to their remarks, and to the contrast they draw between it and an American neighbor. The whole forms a delicious bit of what we think may justly be called the gammon of criticism; and it might be merrily taken to pieces for the entertainment of the reader. We forbear however, and only italicise two points exquisitely droll. It is, it seems, a sign of "vanity and self-satisfied power" for Mr. Boddington to make his picture his purpose—for Mr. Hubbard to dwell upon his "probable effects," is "noble."

We cut the above from the *Albion*, rather for the purpose of disclaiming the imputation of attacking "a stray English landscape" because it was English, and in order to define what we believe to be the true position of a newspaper critic, than because we consider the *Albion's* strictures of any great importance. As the representative of England and English sentiment in America, it had perhaps a right to "pitch into" us on account of a fancied disparagement of English Art, and as the representative capacity claims respect, whatever its individual merits may be, we shall in this regard, treat the reproof of our contemporary with respect.

We therefore take this opportunity to say to all whom it interests, that so far from disparaging English Art, we honor it above that of any other modern school—we believe that the most of what is pure, sincere, genuinely poetical and loveable in Art, is found in that of England. In landscape, particularly, we consider the British artists unapproachable, and, in fact, with a very few exceptions in the French school, and one or two in the German, the only ones whose works may be studied to advantage by the young landscapist. Mr. Boddington is a third-rate painter at home, of the "hack" species, who turns off his pictures as if by ma-

chine, and all as near alike as it is possible for pictures to be, and be not the same. The London market is flooded with them, and now they begin to flow off here, in company with the Shayers, &c., &c. We have seen some dozens of Boddington's pictures, and though the first specimens we saw interested us, as we saw more and found them only repetitions, with continually less and less earnestness and truth, but more and more facility and dexterity, we began, with good reason we are persuaded, to believe, that he was only trying to make as many pictures as possible on as little capital as he might, and so the admiration which his works had at first excited in us, changed into indifference—not to say disgust. We are willing to admit to him great cleverness as a painter, but not much feeling as a lover of Nature. But if any have taken our remarks on his picture in our exhibition as applied to the English school of landscape painting, they have mistaken us entirely—the recollection of many glorious hours passed in the English exhibitions, in English galleries, and with rare minded English artists, will for ever prevent us from speaking so lightly. Is the *Albion* satisfied?

But there are other imputations which we shall reply to without any fear of infringing the ceremonial respect due to a representative. We are sorry that the *Albion* has met such a disappointment in *THE CRAYON*, but if one should judge from the tone of the *Albion* of the taste of its conductors, we should say that anything which had any vitality or straight-forwardness in it would "disappoint" in that direction, if there had been any expectations formed—if it was expected that we should go into criticism *Albion-wise*, without knowledge of Art, or regard of an artist's feelings. For many years we have been intimate with artists of all nations—little and great, humble and celebrated, and we know that they are a sensitive race, keenly alive to all disparagement of their works, men whom a little judicious praise will lead a great distance, but whom an unjust censure will dishearten, and often permanently depress. We have seen enough too of criticism to know that when it is based on fault-finding it is always wrong—that when it is frivolous it is always superficial. Our course was not such as to display our own cleverness, nor to insist on our choice between particular artists, for we are aware that our judgment may be entirely wrong in such choice, and that we may overlook great excellences, or from an unfortunate mental constitution mistake them for faults. But when we see something that is good we know that—it is positive and cannot be mistaken, and we are right in giving the artist credit for it. But even this is insufficient as criticism, for if our readers look to *THE CRAYON* "to learn from its columns the merits or demerits of the works exhibited," the only result would be that they would accept our judgment instead of forming one for themselves, which is just what we do not want, because our labor is worse than useless if we cannot teach people principles of criticism which they may apply to particular

cases to suit themselves. We have therefore substituted "generalizing discussions upon the characteristics" of Art for that clever keen kind of slashing which the *Albion* thought it "had a right to expect" "from an organ conducted and patronized by artists," and which, like a sharp knife in the hands of a clumsy operator, makes us wonder alike at its keenness, and its ignorance of what ought to be his practice. No! for sharp, biting criticism we have no taste, and fault-finding we find particularly unprofitable, and so we said our say—it may be, stupidly—it may be ignorantly, but still honestly, and with the earnest desire to teach somebody something, leaving the faults to be found by those who love them—the spiders of criticism, who do nothing but pull down and poison reputations. Of what consequence is it to the public if we think Mr. Church or Mr. Cropey more powerful artists than Mr. Durand? We may be wrong, or we may be right, but when we found an excellent thing in the pictures of either we were right to say it—but even this we avoided as far as possible, not mentioning any pictures which we did not want as illustrations of our ideas, and so perhaps doing injustice by not mentioning some really praiseworthy works, for we did not consider it necessary to make a catalogue raisonné of the exhibition.

We selected the picture of Mr. Boddington as a foil for certain others—not because he was an Englishman, but because residing in England we should not be likely to injure his feelings or his reputation, it being a matter of perfect indifference to him what we think or say of him; and, as to the seeming incongruity which the *Albion* takes pains to point out, it consists only in an imperfect expression of our meaning. We should have said, in speaking of Mr. Hubbard's picture, instead of, "as to the probable effect it would produce on his pictures"—"the probable effect it would have in conveying the truth he aimed at"—for this was the real distinction between the two pictures, that one was painted only with a care that it should be attractive and effective; and the other, that it should convey a truth which seemed beautiful to the artist, and, therefore, worthy of being painted. But, we believe, that to any mind capable of meeting our remarks in the spirit in which they were made, this explanation would be unnecessary.

With regard to the accusation of "toadyism," it being personal, and a charge which needs more than assertion under such circumstances, it is simply contemptible—and unanswerable in our columns.

But, for curiosity's sake, let us see what kind of thing the public "has a right to expect," according to the *Albion's* standard of criticism. Speaking of Mr. Boddington's picture, it says:

It is also not a little singular that, whereas our English atmosphere is proverbially a flimsy one, and the American atmosphere proverbially a brilliant one, Mr. Boddington seems to have cut adrift from the softening influences of his native mist and to have borrowed the sharp, well-defined outlines that surprise the English traveller on this soil. On the other hand, if

you turn to near neighbors on these walls, such as No. 90, *Connecticut Lake Scenery*, by Mr. Hubbard, or 94, *Chocorua Peak*, by Mr. Gifford, you will find the American climate Anglicised, and a borrowed haziness taking place of the habitual glare.

The critic has, probably, never seen American Nature in the autumn or even in midsummer, or has seen it to very poor advantage, if he does not know that there is no climate so remarkable for mist effects as our own, after June. At intervals, the American atmosphere is marvellously clear—but, for the greater part of the time, there is much mist in it, and oftentimes more than we have ever seen in England. But, No. 90, unfortunately, is not a hazy picture—on the contrary, a very clear one in its distances: and the "Chocorua Peak" has an atmosphere peculiar to American Nature. The above shows absolute ignorance of our climate.

With regard to the tone we "have a right to expect" from the *Albion* in criticising works of Art, the following will serve as an example:—

In a frame—"imitation of the antique," as the upholsterers would say—and numbered 16, you will find what remains of a *Portrait of a Child*, that bears the name of H. P. Gray. She's a pretty little innocent. It's a pity that her nurse, on Saturday night, scrubbed her so hard as to wash all the color out of her.

And this the *Albion* offers as criticism—this mixture of ignorance, with the faintest shadow of low humor. This is all we "have a right to expect" in speaking of an earnest, elevated, and, however the *Albion* may like it, noble work of Art. It is sheer impertinence—nothing more, take our word for it. Of Mr. Cafferty's admirable portrait, No. 77, it says, "it has merit"—of Mr. Huntington's, No. 42, that it "deals with character, and not merely with form and complexion." It is hard from such comments to "learn the merits or demerits" of the works" spoken of. The conclusion of the critique is worth reading:—

We wish the New York artists a more liberal patronage than they meet with. They deserve it, notwithstanding our inclination to be captious. If they would emerge a little from a not unnatural habit of mutual admiration, and cease to copy each other, the public might perhaps be less indifferent.

It struck us after reading the *Albion* critique, that there might be something worse within than "generalizing discussions."

Messrs. Editors:—

The last critique in *THE CRAYON*, on the Exhibition of the National Academy, and in that part of it relating to portraits, says that a certain three portrait pictures are "the only ones in which anything beyond likeness is attempted, or anything in the direction of genuine Art cared for." It seems that *character*, being one aim of Art, ought to be considered as an excellence of the highest order, and its presence in a portrait recognized as one of the noblest realizations of Art-endeavor. I should esteem the characteristic portrait, No. 188, of C. Evangelides, by Mr. Greene, as a most noteworthy portrait, because it renders more than features or dress—there is individual character in it. I would say the same of Staigg's miniature of the Rev. Dr. Lowell, and the head of Willis, in crayon, by S. Lawrence. According to my perceptions, the artists in these portraits "cared for" Art in a very creditable manner.

QUERIST.

The simple rendering of character is not a subject of criticism; hardly, because it depends

on an innate power which is not given to two men alike—hence, it is impossible to judge any artist from our kind of perception. For instance, we may not be able to read the characters in the portraits alluded to—we might not have been able to comprehend them in the originals—and, therefore, we have declined criticising portraits on this head. It does seem to us that the portrait, by Greene, alluded to, is a fine reading of the character of the original; but there may be many others as good which we could not see the merit of; from want of liking for the character of the subject—and, besides, if one does not know a man, how will he say his portrait is good in its character? It would be a manifest absurdity. As it happens, we can say of all those alluded to that they are excellent in this respect, because we know the originals; but to have said this would have been equivalent to saying that others of which we had no knowledge, and could but omit speaking of, were bad. A portrait is an awkward thing to criticise, unless we fall back on the cant terms of newspaper criticism, and give a list by number, saying No. —, good; No. —, better; No. —, not so good as the first; No. —, clever; No. —, well painted, &c., &c.

But, granting all this, "character" is only painting faithfully that which we see, and does not attain to "the noblest realizations of Art-endeavor," because it is not idealization or in any wise the perfecting of its subject. There is much perplexity in the use of the word Art, in partial elucidation of which we quote the following from Ruskin:—

"All art is great and good, and true only so far as it is distinctively the work of *manhood* in its entire and highest sense; that is to say, not the work of limbs and fingers, but of the soul, aided, according to her necessities by the inferior powers, and therefore distinguished in essence from all products of those inferior powers, unhelped by the soul. For as a photograph is not a work of Art, though it requires certain delicate manipulations of paper and acid, and subtle calculations of time, in order to bring out a good result; so neither would a drawing *like* a photograph, made directly from nature, be a work of Art, though it would imply many delicate manipulations of the pencil, and subtle calculations of effects of color and shade. It is no mere Art* to manipulate a camel's hair pencil than to manipulate a china tray and a glass vial. It is no more Art to lay on color delicately than to lay on acid delicately. It is no more Art to use the cornea and retina for the reception of an image, than to use a lens and a piece of silvered paper. But the moment that inner part of the man, or rather that entire and only being of the man, of which cornea and retina, fingers and hands, pencils and colors, are all the mere servants and instruments; that manhood which has light in itself, though the eyeball be sightless, and can gain in strength when the hand and foot are hewn off and cast into the fire; the moment this part of the man stands forth with its solemn 'Behold, it is I!' then the work becomes Art indeed, perfect in honor, priceless in value, boundless in power."

* I mean Art in its highest sense. All that men do ingeniously is Art, in one sense. In fact, we want a definition of the word "Art" much more accurate than any in our minds at present. For strictly speaking, there is no such thing as "fine" or "high" Art. All Art is a low and common thing, and what we indeed respect is not Art at all, but *inspiration* or *inspiration* expressed by the help of Art.—*Stones of Venice*, Vol. III, p. 171.

We should prefer to use the term *technics* for all that pertains to the lower sense of the term, leaving the word Art for its highest accepted meaning. In this acceptation, we were right in saying what we did about the portraiture of the Exhibition—for there is no such condition of the artist as that which Ruskin alludes to in it. Still, we have not the liberty to make new words, and must take things as they are.

We should have given credit to Greene's portrait of Evangelides, the Greek patriot, even for the simple but significant introduction of the Greek cross in the table cover. This proves that he thought of the relation of his portrait to its accessories, and so far it becomes a work of Art in the higher sense. It is necessary to realize character to give painting the dignity of portraiture even, but if it does no more, it is only portraiture, and so only a mental photography not subject to criticism any more than Kensett's studies of rocks in the small room. If you have a friend, whose portrait hangs in the Exhibition, you know whether it be like or no, and we need not tell you anything about it.

THOMAS DUNCAN, R.S.A., A.R.A.
Extracted from *Art Journal* for November, 1847.

ALL who love Art and estimate genius, must lament that the subject of this notice cannot be classed among the living ornaments of the British school. His premature death in the zenith of his career, deprived the Scottish Academy of one of its most gifted members.

Mr. Duncan was born on the 24th May, 1807, at Kinclaren, in Perthshire, but was educated at Perth, whither his parents had removed shortly after his birth. He showed very early signs of the peculiar faculty which Nature had given him, by employing every leisure moment in drawing such objects as struck his fancy, especially the portraits of his young companions; and, while still at school, he painted the whole of the scenery for a dramatic representation of "Rob Roy," which he, in conjunction with his school-fellows, undertook to perform in a stable loft. His parents, however, considering the use of his pencil as an unprofitable waste of time, hastened to remove him, and placed him in the office of a lawyer, with whom he served the allotted period of his engagement. Released from the drudgery of the desk, and more than ever desirous of accomplishing his favorite object, he at length procured the consent of his father to his visiting Edinburgh, where he was placed under the able instruction of the President of the Royal Scottish Academy, Sir Wm. Allan.

Duncan's pre-eminent talent, fostered and directed by such a master, speedily developed itself; he made rapid progress, and soon outstripped all his competitors in that most difficult department, the drawing of the human figure. The first picture which brought the artist into notice, was his "Milk-maid," and shortly after he exhibited his "Old Mortality," and the "Bra' Wooer."

The correct drawing, fine feeling, and masterly execution of these early works, gave indubitable proof of the future excellence of the artist, and his progress from this time was one of uninterrupted improvement—so much as to cause him to be appointed, at an unusually early age, to one of the professorships of the Edinburgh Academy, that of color, and subsequently to the chair of "Drawing" in the same school; he was likewise enrolled among the members of that body.

Having attained so much celebrity in his native country, Mr. Duncan naturally became desirous of submitting his compositions to the

somewhat more fastidious scrutiny of the English connoisseur. He accordingly sent, in the year 1840, to the Royal Academy, London, his fine work, "Prince Charles Edward and the Highlanders entering Edinburgh, after the Battle of Prestonpans, Sept., 1745." This production brought the painter at once into most favorable notice, as it afforded evidence of a very high order of merit, and undoubtedly paved the way to his election in 1843, as an Associate of the Academy. In 1841, Mr. D. exhibited a most touching picture from the ballad of "Auld Robin Gray," termed the "Wae! Heart," in the following year "Deer Stalking," and in 1843 "Prince Charles asleep in the cave, protected by Flora Macdonald;" a picture combining, in the highest degree, the great characteristics of excellence, composition, and chiaroscuro. In 1844, Mr. Duncan's contributions to the exhibition were "Cupid" and the "Martyrdom of John Brown, of Priesthill, 1685." This was the last picture by the artist exhibited in London, if we except a portrait of himself which, to the honor of his Scottish professional brethren, was purchased by subscription, and presented by them to the Scottish Academy. Mr. Duncan died 25th May, 1845, at the age of 38. Had his life been prolonged, there is no question he would have achieved a lofty position in historic painting; nor must we omit to mention his portraits, which were faithfully and skillfully rendered. As a colorist he had, indeed, few superiors; as an instructor, of his Art, he was kind, conciliatory, and anxious for the improvement of his pupils; and in every relation of domestic life, he continued to secure the esteem and affection of all around him.

DOMESTIC ART GOSSIP.

NOTWITHSTANDING the apparent close of the artistic season by the Exhibition of the National Academy of Design, the artists are still engaged producing more pictures.

Church has a large picture on his easel, a composition of South American scenery, which further illustrates the peculiar features of that portion of the world. It is the most important work Mr. Church has yet painted, in size and intention.

Kensett has on hand two large upright oval pictures, painted for Charles M. Connolly, Esq. One is a view on the Hudson, and the other a view of a portion of Niagara Falls.

Gignoux has just completed a picture of Niagara Falls, taken from the Canadian shore, embracing the Fall from Goat Island to Table Rock. It is for Marshall O. Roberts, Esq., and is one of the largest pictures Mr. Gignoux has yet painted.

Gifford has just completed two small pictures, both views in the vicinity of the White Mountains. Mr. Gifford leaves for Europe by the Atlantic, on her next trip, to be absent for one or two years.

Brown is taking to pieces the model of the equestrian statue of Washington, and shipping it to the foundry at Chicopee. The figure of Washington is now being cast. Some of the smaller pieces are already cast, and are now at his studio in Brooklyn. The entire model will be cast by next fall, and ready for erection in this city by the coming spring.

The Exhibition of the National Academy is very well attended, particularly on the artist evenings. The receipts are larger than was expected, and we believe the close of the exhibition will show a handsome profit.

The annual meeting of the Academy takes place the first week in May. Being the only institution in the country entirely managed by artists, and being almost alone, if not quite so, among successful institutions that have had no special assistance in the way of donations, public contributions, or the like, we hope the faults

of its organization may be remedied, and something better be made of it, so as to meet the wants of every artist in our community.

The Exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy is now open, and is said to be one of a more than usually interesting character. We will give it attention at an early date.

The Athenæum Exhibition, at Boston, is now open. At present the collection consists mainly of the pictures belonging to the institution, with probably others loaned for the occasion. Arrangements are being made to add to the Exhibition in the month of June a collection of works by American artists, of that city and elsewhere. We bespeak for it the contributions of our artists, and hope they will make some effort to procure and send pictures there. We believe it will extend their own reputation, and be of service to the cause of Art generally.

We learn that Mr. Edmund White is expected to return from Europe by the end of the coming summer.

FOREIGN ART GOSSIP.

THE treasurer of the Assyrian Excavation Fund has just received a letter from Mr. Loftus, dated Kouyunjik, February 12, from which the following is an extract: "The S. E. Palace at Nimroud has just yielded a large collection of beautiful ivories, relics of a throne or furniture, &c. They have been fitted together by means of rivets, slides, and grooves—a complete Assyrian puzzle, and somewhat dangerous to sit on! Many exhibit traces of gilding and enamel, and were probably broken up for the inlaid gold and jewels with which they were once adorned. There is a decided Egypto-Assyrian character about the whole collection, perfect Egyptian heads being mixed with Assyrian bulls and lions. The heads were very fine, indeed. Some of the articles were maces, dagger-handles, or portions of chairs and tables (for we have undoubted evidence of the Assyrians using such). Figures back to back form a shaft, and support a flower-headed capital. There are also boxes, and a vase, all elaborately carved. The Assyrians were adepts in veneering, the layers being highly ornamented with sacred emblems and lion-hunts. Phœnician inscriptions are found on two or three articles. They were found strewed at the bottom of a chamber among wood-ashes. They had escaped the flames, but are blackened from lying among smouldering wood. I have got up a horse-load of objects, and am fitting them together as fast as possible, preparatory to boiling them in gelatine. The whole room is not yet explored, as the earth must first be removed from above. I propose going down to-morrow."—*Athenæum*.

GREAT expectations are entertained at Berlin of Heidel's group of "Edipus led by Antigone." The heads, it is said, are full of high tragic feeling; and Antigone's, in particular, is the very embodiment of the tenderness of a child for a disowned father. We know the feeling of the tragedian, for it is that which Shakspeare has thrown into Cordelia's love of Lear; but in her love, heightened by the forgetfulness of injury, the poet, however, had a thousand groupings in which to express his thoughts,—the sculptor has but one. Words are ductile as wax, and changeable as colors; but stone is flinty, and a sculptor's error is irremediable.—*Athenæum*.

At a late sale at Messrs. Puttick & Simpson's, a book of pen sketches by Sir C. Wren was put up for auction. They were plans for an English Walhalla or monument to the memory of Charles the First, intended for erection in the neighborhood of Windsor. The Parliament voted £70,000 for the object; but the Second Charles, with his usual respect for his father's memory, embezzled the money, and spent it upon wine, women, dice, and fiddlers.—*Id.*

THE chief features of Norwegian scenery are its rocks and fiords. Its lesser characteristics are, its valleys, passes, streams and torrents. Perpetual snow and unfading forest—ceaseless rushings of water, pouring from height to depth—cliffs, towering thousands of feet from the bright level of the dales, and everywhere rising into the unchanging blue of the sky and the untarnished whiteness of perpetual snow. The Tyrol, Wales, Switzerland and the Highlands unite to form Norway—and from these materials spring a fifth something unlike its four ingredients. Sombre, and not laughing, are its lakes, flashing, like glimpses of heaven, through granite bars of purgatorial mountains, swept fiercely and ceaselessly by snowy sheets of waterfalls. Its snowy heights are not sharp; angular, crystal peaks, like the Shrecken Horn, the Wetter Horn, or the Finster Horn—but loom in broad, round bluffs and shoulders, as if smoothed by levelling storms; and on these lie great dark tombs contrasting the wide shrouds of eternal snow, like grave-sheets never to be lifted till they melt and shrivel at the sound of the doom trumpet.

In opposition to these solitudes, the fiords run like bypaths of the sea—one hundred and twenty miles inland; so that the ocean moans among the forests, and pine-trees rise as if from the sea-sand. Beaconed headlands, iron-bound coasts, rocky islets, and looping bays in which the North Sea chafes, diversify the Norwegian shore as far as the Baltic. Norway is a land of free yeoman and hardy fishermen, rude hunters, rough woodmen, and smart miners—men who live on sawdust bread and salmon of their own hooking, who wrestle with bears and buffet the waves of the Baltic, snatching their precarious food from the waves and tides.—*Athenæum*.

The following, from the Author of "The Island Empire," tells its own tale:—"A correspondent, at Pisa, has casually mentioned to me a discovery in glass painting, recently made by a common working mechanic, at that place. It professes to be a resuscitation of the ancient method of painting on glass, and may, perhaps, whatever its value, be interesting to yourself and to some of your readers. The designs are produced by the union of small pieces of colored glass. These are joined by a species of cement, composed principally of glass in powder, which, in a short time, becoming hard and transparent, enables the artist to paint on it and hide all vestige of a seam. The discovery, however, on which the inventor prides himself the most is, that of an acid which completely removes the color from the glass already painted, and leaves it free for the substitution of any other tint. I am told that the general effect of works produced in this manner is very beautiful."—*Athenæum*.

In a collection of autographs, dispersed by Messrs. Puttick & Simpson during the week, the following lots realized the prices affixed:—a letter of Joseph Addison, 2*l.* 8*s.*—a letter of Bacon, enlarging on the happiness of having a good wife, 15*l.*—a letter of James Boswell, 3*l.*—a letter of Robert Burns, 4*l.* 15*s.*—a letter of Calvin, 9*l.* 9*s.*—a letter of the great Lord Chat-ham, inclosing verses, addressed to David Garrick, 13*l.* 10*s.*—two letters of Oliver Goldsmith, 15*l.* 12*s.*—two letters of Mary, Queen of William the Third, 7*l.* 18*s.*—a short letter of Sir Isaac Newton, as Master of the Mint, declining to recommend to mercy a convicted counterfeiter of the coin, then under sentence of death, 4*l.*—three letters of Sir Richard Steele, 8*l.* 1*s.*—a letter of George Washington, 5*l.*—*Athenæum*.

MR. GEORGE SCHARF will commence in April a course of Lectures at the Royal Institution, on Christian Art, with illustrations, from the earliest times to Raphael and Michael Angelo.—*Athenæum*.